NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

It Might Have Been Worse.

Dr. Talmage Preaches at St. Paul. Taking for His Subject

THE EARTHQUAKE AT PHILIPPI, Comparing it With Those Convulsions

Which Ruin Lives.

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST.

Drawing a Distinction Between Saving Faith.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage preached an eloquent sermon yesterday at St. Paul, his subject being "The Earthquake." He spoke of the suddenness with which ruin overtakes individuals and communities, and depicted the consolation of a saving faith.

ISPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCE. ST. PAUL, MINN., July 28 .- The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached in this city to-day. His subject was "The Earthquake," and he took for his text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi. 31. The sermon was as follows:

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine to-day we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their the dirt and trample it down, and trample father's house and mourn over their wasted estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a oughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no deep sigh of women who remember their estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that?

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been try-

MAKE THE WORLD BETTER.

Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lien's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs tor John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melanethon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of a shad green and blazing my my my hallest for the standing that the standing the standing that the sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelu-jah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars jah, suddenly an earthquake! The from bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed posing with one strong, keen thrust to put au end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! Stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see

of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tre-mendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be sayed." Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas, but we live in a latitude where severe volcanic disturbances are rare. And yet we have seen 50 earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up

A LARGE FORTUNE.

His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself, "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1837, or in 1857, or in 1873, a national panie strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apos-tle made to him is appropriate to us: "Betle made to him is appropriate to us: "Be-lieve on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some doc ments of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Savior in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Christ;" but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come together-"The Lord Jesus

WHOM DO WE TRUST?

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates. of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable to-day when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it is made and what it is.

where it is made and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me He was a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe His whole appearance as writers describe His whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to Him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mother's arm, an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose to look at Christ was to love Him. Oh, how attractive His manner. Why, when they saw at Christ was to love Him. Oh, how attractive His manner. Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their inwhelr houses, and they wrapped up

them out that He might look at them. There was something so pieasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did, in His very look. When these sick ones were brought out, did He say: "Do not bring me these sores; do not trouble me with these leprosice?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

HIS MAJESTY OF CHARACTER.

HIS MAJESTY OF CHARACTER.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the Sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Casars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of kindness and mercy which throbs through all the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all ages. Oh, He was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy or insipidity of character: it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize His earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let Him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beatiful home? If He must die, let Him expire amid all kindly intentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death-rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel His warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of His anguish. And so the cross must be lifted and a hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and the cross is laid on the ground and the sufferer is stretched upon it and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand, and then they shake his right nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand, and then they shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross in the mouth of the bole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of His body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample other tree ever bore.

Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks and with them crushed His crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; He was to die. He must die. His life fey your life. In a European city a young man died of the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for His mother, nor for His father, but for His sworn enemies.

Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust Him? I think there are many under the influence of the spirit of God who are saving: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by thousands is: "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with import-WHY CHRIST DIED.

Christ? Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have

PERFECT CONFIDENCE

Paul cries out: "Stop! Stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jeiler running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do?" What shall I do?" What shall I do?" What shall I do?" Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hopples on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling tree. moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly.
"Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem,
and I believe that He died on the cross."
Do you believe it with your head or with

I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserve very well of the country." You told the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical

faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry, "No hope! no hope! We are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wreeks hisses in fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboats!" cries the captain. "Down with the lifeboats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies.

SAVING FAITH.

Now, you believe that Captain Brave-heart accrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss, and joy at your deliv-erance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart,

erance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul.

You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Bock of Ages," and built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there ever a prize proffered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Shali I try to tell you what it is to be saved? I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point. "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and

A BLISSPUL ETERNITY.

do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and He is bound to see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, further than that—it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand and no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us. Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror of death, unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness? I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the further on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me.

And am I to be put off for thousands of

And am I to be put off for thousands of And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas," or the "Happy New Year?" Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there be some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole

But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal calvation to-day are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirts of his own garment? What darkness can fall upon my evelids then amid the heavenly daybreak? O Death, I will not fear thee then. Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly! thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew thee in twain from helmet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O Death, I will be thy plague. O Grave, I will be thy destruction." NATURE REVOLTS AT IT.

To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth he w happy He made every house He went into, and when He brings us up to went into, and when He brings us up to His house in heaven how great shall be our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with efforescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. Oh, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.

THE GREAT REWARD. At the time of the death of Jameson, ward, who was connected with the expedition, was still further down the river at Lowanda, getting orders from McKinnon, the President of the Earn Bey Relief Expedition. He returned to Bangala with orders for an expedition. He returned to Bangala with orders for an expedition to start at once in widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and have Him point to an elevation proportion at to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and be glorified with me in heaven." Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble, and said to the woman there: "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "Thad seem and any children?" "Thad seem children?" "Where are they?" "Gohe." "All gene?" "All." "All deal?" "All." Chen she berathed a long sigh into the boneliness, and said: "Oh, sir, "I have been a good mother to the grave." "We wand the returned to Lower to Jameson and the confusion that had resulted, he again returned to Lower Congo to report the information and get further orders. After Ward returned from Lower Congo the second time he found that Stanley left all the white and so the family?" "Only myself." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Gohe." "All gene?" "All." "All deal?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the boneliness, and said: "Oh, sir, "I have been a good mother to the grave." "Ward went to Aruwhimi and got the mail of the called to give my testimony was connected with the expedition to start at once in Allegheny county, formerly residing in Glen. Allegheny cou Oh, broken-hearted men and women, how I have been a good mother to the grave."

And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of

life.

I point you to-day to the eternal balm of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? Oh, you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your constants. sorrows and erown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! Aged men and women, the Lamb forever? Aged men and women, fed by His love and warmed by His grace for three score years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom having not seen you love? That will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid his disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm, while He looks down into her lace, and says: "Behold thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

WHEN THE ENERGIES FLAG Use Hersford's Acid Phosphate. Dr. T. C. Smith, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It is an invaluable nerve tonic, a delightful bever-age and one of the best restorers when the energies flag and the spirits droop."

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STANLEY IN AFRICA

A Rethrned Missionary Brings News From the Dark Continent

CLOSE BEHIND THE EXPLORER. Fears That He Was Forced to Burn Vast

Quantities of Ivory. HIS INTENTIONS FOR THE FUTURE.

The Horrible Sufferings of the Party Which Was Left in the Rear. J. H. Camp, a returned African mission ary, brings news concerning Henry M.

Stanley. He passed through a portion of

the country, close on the trail of the great LIMA, O., July 28.—Mr. J. H. Camp, who has been in Central Africa as an exploring and mechanical missionary for the American Baptist Missionary Society, ar-rived at his home in Lafayette, near this city, after an absence of nearly three years, and was seen by your correspondent to-day. Mr. Camp arrived at Banana, Africa, April

6, 1887, and left for the interior a month

later, going up the Congo river in the steamer Henry Reed. He left the Congo

steamer Henry Reed. He left the Congo about 120 miles up, and started overland with his party of five whites and 40 native carriers. They arrived at Stanley Falls, 235 miles from the lower coast, on June 14, and then proceeded 1,000 miles into the dark continent, the greater part of which had not been traveled by white persons before.

In regard to Stanley, Mr. Camp said that he had followed his route for several hundred miles about a month behind him, and that a large number of bodies of Stanley's men, who had died on the way, were found along the route. He also said that in April, 1887, Stanley left Leopoldville, having requisitioned all the available steamers, and, taking about 800 men, started for Aruwhimi, where he arrived some time in May. From there he

and found him, Emin agreeing to accompany him to the coast. When Stanley left Aruwhimi he left behind him a relief expedition under charge of Major Bartlett and Lieutenant Jameson, with orders to follow him in one year if he was not heard from in that time; before the expiration of the time some 90.00 the relief party died from dysentery, and Bartlett was forced to resort to Tippoo Tib for assistance in carrying the goods inland. Terms being agreed upon, a start was made, and on the second day out Bartlett was shot by one of Tippoo Tib's men and died within a few hours. Owing to the disturbed condition of affairs Jameson, the next in command, decided to return to Aruwhimi and restack the goods, and being very ill himself he started down the river to Bangala, where he arrived in August, and on the day following his arrival he died and from his diary the failure of the relief expedition was learned.

At the time of the death of Jameson, Ward, who was connected with the expedition was elili further down the river to serve till further down the river to the connected with the expedition was selilification. WENT IN SEARCH OF EMIN BEY

At the time of the death of Jameson, Ward, who was connected with the expedition, was still further down the river at Lowanda, getting orders from McKinnon, the President of the Emin Bey Relief Expedition. He returned to Bangala with orders for an expedition to start at once in search of Stanley, and, learning of the death of Jameson and the confusion that had resulted, he again returned to Lower Congo to report the information and get further orders. After Ward returned from Lower Congo the second time he found that Stanley had been at Aruwhimi and had

Ward went to Aruwhimi and got the mail and the men referred to, and lashing two large cances together, floated down the river. He took supper with us at Bowemba station of the A. B. M. U., and left with us

station of the A. B. M. U., and left with us two of his Nyam Nyam men, who were sick, and who we brought to Stanley Pool, where one of them died and the other was presented to a party there, in whose service he has been since.

Ward came down the river from Stanley Pool two days behind me, bringing the news that the State station of Leopoldville had been visited by a dread disease, one of the sufferers being Governor Vangelle, of the Hangala district, who received a commission from the King of Belgium to go inland and explore the great Walla river. I learn since that he recovered. Ward toek the Zaazibar men he had with him to Madeira, sent them to their homes and started for Rotterdam.

FUTURE INTENTIONS. FUTURE INTENTIONS.

Regarding Stanley's intentions for the future, Mr. Camp says: "Two days after Stanley had started inland he was met by a civilized Arab from Tippoo Tib's company and to whom Stanley explained his future intentions. He stated that Emin Bey would him had taken and tak

join him and take 3,000 loads of ivory and 8,000 carriers to transport the effect of his expedition and that of Emin Bey out of the expedition and that of Emin Bey out of the country, the route being the caravan road between Lakes Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika, and from thence east to Zanzibar; Emin Bey to go with Stanley and accompany him to Europe.

"Later on, and after leaving the upper river, a report reached me, which seemed to support that of the Arab to the effect that when about to strike the caravan read he was

about to strike the caravan road he was notified by his soldiers one night while in camp, that the Arab people were preparing to attack him the following day and rob him of the ivory. Stanley, according to a previous arrangement, stacked his ivory alternately with some resinous wood and burned it, being the last resort to keep them from getting it."

PLATT'S Chlorides, a true disinfectant. An odorless liquid, very cheap and efficient. CABINET photos, 89c per doz. Lies' Popular Gallery, 10 and 12 Sixth st. MWFSu It Might Have Been Worse.

Not long since, Mr. Charles M. Eichenlaub, an Allegheny gentleman, who lives at 189 Federal street, was made to fully realize the fact that the aches and pains he experienced in different parts of his body were not without a cause. The high-colored urine, pain across the small of his back and kidneys, together with other unmistakable signs, warned him that his condition was fast approaching Bright's deease. The sharp, burning pain in his feet gave him untold misery. In fact, his disease grew from bad to worse, until he was unable to walk or step on his feet without experiencing great pain. He also frequently felt pain under his shoulder blades and different parts of his body. He lost his appetite, and he felt a full, bloated feeling after meals. As the little food he ate fermented in his stomach he had much eroctation of gas. After taking six weeks' treatment at THE POLYPATHIC MEDICAL INSTITUTE, at 420 Penn avenue, his aches and pains all left him, his appetite came back to him, his stomach performs its function properly, and he feels well and hearty and is able to attend to his business every day, He further states; "It gives me pleasure to state to my many friends, and the people generally, that although my disease was chronic and of long standing, have been entirely cured of my kidney disease and rheumatism by the physicians and specialists for these diseases at No. 420 Penn avenue. "CHAS. M. EICHENLAUR."



Dr. Shafer, one of the physicians of the Polypathic Medical Institute, at 420 Penn ave. The Polypathic Medical Institute is permanently located in Pittsburg for the treatment of rheumatism, kidney and urinary diseases. Its physicians are not confined to any school of practice, but embrace any and all remedies that close study and long experience have found to be the most effectual in curing disease. Dr. Shafer, one of the physicians associated with this medical institution, and a skilled specialist, gives especial attention to the treatment of all kidney and urinary diseases. Analysis of specimens of urine free. Consultation also free.

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HE COUGHED DAY AND NIGHT.

of these diseases.

He adds: "I am glad to give my testimony for publication, as I have been cured as above stated, by the physicians of the Catarrh and Dyspepsia Institute. "JAMES BROWN."

Mr. Brown's postoffice address is Talley Cavey, Allegheny county, where this statement can be easily proven by himself and many friends.



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Invite your perusal of following bargain snatches: Every article to which the word summer can be prefixed must go, no matter what the loss to us, you'll gain by it anyhow. For instance:

All the summer French dress goods that sold at \$1, \$1 25 and \$1 50, now for 50c a yard.

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About 500 Black Jerseys that sold at \$1 and \$1 25 to be cleared at 45c and 69c each, respectively.

A very inviting exhibition of Misses' Fine White Dresses will be sold for less than price of material.

material.

Children's and Misses' White Caps, a levely range, prices nominal. Lace Curtains in ample profusion. Ladies' Beaded Wraps and Jackets, a most charming selection, at about, and some even less, than half usual prices.

PARTICULARLY NOTE—An odd lots of Ladies and Gents' Summer Underwear have been reduced to QUICK SALE PRICES, which means a great saving to you.

COME QUICK AND SAVE MONEY. 151 and 153 FEDERAL STREET, ALLEGHENY

PEARLTOP LAMP
PEARLTOP LAMP
WADE ONLY BY A IN THE WORLD

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

SPECIAL SUMMER SALE TO CLOSE OUT ALL

Light Goods

To make room. Have reduced prices so that it will be very interesting to those in want of good,

Summer Shoes, GAITERS and SLIPPERS.

Ladies' Lasting Congress at 75c. Ladies' Fine Kid Low Button reduced from \$1 25 to 75c. Ladies' Bright Pebble Goat Ties,

Ladies' Fine Kid Opera Slippers Ladies' Fine Kid Button at \$1 25. Ladies' Grain Sewed Button at \$1.

G.D.SIMEN'S,

78 OHIO ST., ALLEGHENY. Corner of Sandusky.

THERE CAN BE

As to where you should buy

FURNITURE, CARPETS and HOUSEFURNISHING

if economy is the object you have in view.

GOODS.

KEECH'S MAMMOTH

Cash and Credit House, 923 and 925 Penn Ave.,

is THE house for you to patronize, if you want to save money, and get dependable and stylish merchandise. jel7-mwr

JOHN FLOCKER & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF-

FOR RAILROAD USE. Italian and American Hemp Packing, ly. Chalk Lines, Night Lines, Sisal Bale and Hide Rope, Tarred Lath Yarn, Spun Yarn, etc.



T. MELLON & SONS' BANK, 512 AND 514 SMITHFIELD STREET, PITTSBURG, PA

Transact a General Banking Business IN STERLING, Available in all parts of the world. Also issue Credits

IN DOLLARS For use in this country, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, South and Central America. ap7-91-wwr

DATENTS O. D. LEVIS, Solicitor of Patents, 131 Fifth avenue, above Smithfield, next Lossoffice. (No delay.) Established 20 years, se29-blu

PITTSBURG AND LAKE ERIE RAILROAD COMPANY-Schedule in effect June 2, 1889,

249 F. M. P., C. & Y. trains from Mansfeld, Essen and Beachmont, 7:08, 11:39 A. M. F., McK. & Y. R. R. — DEFART—For New Haven, F5:30 A. M., 73:30 F. M. For West Newton, 175:30 10:05 A. M., 2:30, 5:18 F. M. ARKVE—From New Haven, 27:50 A. M., 75:00 F. M. From West Newton, 6:15, 17:30 A. M., 75:00 F. M. From West Newton, 6:15, 17:30 A. M., 1225, 75:00 For McKeesport and Elizabeth, 5:30, 10:05 A. M., 25:35, 5:15 P. M.
From Elizabeth and McKeesport, 7:30 A. M., 25, 5:00 P. M.
Dally, Bondays and AWIII and A. M.

A LLEGHENY VALLEY RAILBOAD—
A Trains leave Union Station (Kastern Standard Unio): Rittenning Ac., 6:55 a. in.; Niagara Ex., daily, 5:65 a. in., Hutton Ac., 10:16 a. in.; Valley Camp Ac., 2:55 p. in.; Oil City and Dishois Express, 2:60 p. in.; Staten Ac., 5:60 p. in.; Rittanning Ac., 5:30 p. in.; Rittannin

Butler Accommodation. B:00 a m 7:22 p m
Butler Accommodation. B:00 a m 8:10 a m
Chicago Express (daily). 12:49 p m 11:06 a m
Wildwood Accommodation. 3:00 p m 5:00 p m
New Castle and Foxburg Ac. 5:25 p m 5:06 a m
First class fare to Chicago, \$10 50. Second class,
10 55. Fullman Butlet sleeping car to Chicago
daily.

KAUFMANNS

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PANTS PANTS S

We have several thousand more pairs of Pants on our counters than the lateness of the season warrants. When our doors'll close next Saturday night we would like to be rid of this surplus. The proceeding is simple enough. We have the Pants-you have the money. Presto change! You have the Pants-we have the money. The magic charm exerted by our reduced prices will work the wonder. But here are the

NO DOUBT \$1 25 FOR PANTS WORTH \$2.

They are made of Cassimeres, in dark and light patterns, well sewed and guaranteed not to rip. dressy patterns, cut in the latest Workingmen, this is a chance you cannot afford to miss. style, and are not obtainable else-

\$2 00 FOR PANTS WORTH \$3 50.

These Pantaloons the finest dresser need not be ashamed of wearing. They come in novel them in a splendid array of fash-checks, plaids and stripes, are cut ionable shades and patterns, every full wide and fit to perfection.

\$3 00 FOR PANTS WORTH \$4 75.

Three Dollars is a popular price for a pair of Pants, but never in the annals of trade has this figure commanded such fine garments. They are equal to regular customwork.

\$4 00 FOR PANTS WORTH \$6 00. These are fine custom-made

Pants, the same for which your tailor would charge you a big, Flocker's Lubricating Hemp Packing round figure. They come in extra fashi onable French and English fine imported materials exclusive- materials and have never before

They are made of choice Scotch Cheviots, English Worsteds and Cassimeres, in ultra fashionable

\$3 50 FOR PANTS WORTH \$5

patterns and styles. See them, before investing any money elsewhere.

WORTH \$2 50.

They are made of excellent

FOR PANTS

WORTH \$4 00

WORTH \$5 25

American Worsteds, in neat and

This is a large line of silk mixed

Worsted Pants, and, as we have

where below \$2 50.

taste can be suited.

FOR PANTS **WORTH \$7 00** These are the finest and best Pantaloons that can be made. They

been sold below \$7.

that is just now puzzling the heads of many people is how Kauf-manns' can afford to sell their first-class packing, saratoga and leather trunks for about one-third less than other dealers. Don't bother yourself, citizens, how, or why we do it. WE DO IT; that's enough, and, if you want to buy a trunk or satchel before starting on your summer trip, come right in and be benefited by our matchlessly low prices.

ANOTHER TRUNK MYSTERY

KAUFMANNS

Fifth Avenue and Smithfield Street

BAILBOADS.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD - ON AND after May 12, 1880, trains leave Union Station, Pitteburg, as follows, Eastern Standard MAIN LINE EASTWARD.

Mail train, connecting for Biarraville. 6-56 a. m. Express, for Biairaville, connecting for Butler Access. 5:20 a. m., 2:25 and 5:65 p. m. Springdale Accom5:00, 11:50 a. m., 1:30 and 6:30 p. m. Springdale Accom5:00, 11:50 a. m., 1:30 and 6:30 p. m. On Sunday. 12:50 and 9:30 p. m. On Sunday. 12:50 and 9:30 p. m. North Apollo Accom. 11:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m. Allegheay Junction Accommodation 10:40 p. m. Allegheay Junction Accommodation 10:40 p. m. Biairaville Accommodation 10:40 p. m. Biairaville Accommodation 10:50 a. m. 1:50 p. m. Butler Accom. 10:10 a. m. 4:50 and 7:50 p. m. Biairaville Accommodation 10:50 p. m. Freenort Accom. 7:50 a. m., 1:25, 7:20 and 11:10 p. m. On Sunday 10:50 p. m. Springdale Accom. 5:50, 11:48 a. m., 1:25, 6:20 p. m. Springdale Accom. 5:50, 11:48 a. m., 3:55, 6:20 p. m. Morth Apollo Accom. 5:50, 11:48 a. m., and 5:50 p. m. Morth Apollo Accom. 5:50 a. m. and 5:50 p. m. Morth Apollo Accom. 5:50 a. m. and 5:50 p. m. MONONGAHELA DIVISION. MONOAGAHELA DIVISION.

MONOAGAHELA DIVISION.

Pains leave Union station. Pitusourg, as follows:
For Monoagahola City, West Brownsville and
Uniontown, Il a. m. For Monoagahela City and
West Brownsville, 7:25 and Il a. m. and 4:20 p. m.
Un Sunday, 1:30 p. m. For Monoagahela City, 5:20
p. m., week daya,
Ifravoaburg Ac., week daya, 3:20 p. m.
West Eirabeth Accommodation, 8:20 a. m., 2:20,
2:20 and Hill p. m. Sanday, 8:30 p. m.
Ticket offices—Corner Fourth avenue and Try
street and Union station.
UHAS, E. PUGH,
General Manager. Gen'i Pass'r Arent. General Manages. Gen'l Pass'r Arent.

General Manages. Gen'l Pass'r Arent.

DANHANDLE BOUTE-JULY & 1888, UNION estation, Central Standard Tire & Leave for Ciseinnati and St. Louis, 47130 a.m., d 8400 and d 11135 p. m. Dennison, 2:45 p. m. Chicago, 1120, d 11135 p. m. Wheeling, 7:30 a.m., Washington, 8:45, 8:48 a.m., 185, 283, 4:64, 4:85 p. m. Managed, 7:40, 9:30, 11:50 a.m., 1105, 6:30, d 8:35 p. m. Managed, 7:40, 9:30, 11:50 a.m., 1105, 6:30, d 8:35 p. m. Managed, 7:40, 9:30, 11:50 a.m., 1105, 6:30, d 8:35 p. m. Dennison, 9:30 a.m. Stenbenville, 5:05 p. m. From the Wess, d 2:104, 5:55 p. m. Managed, 7:105 a.m., 2:50, 5:55 p. m. Burgertts-bown, 7:105 a.m., 15:50 a.m., 1

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY'S LINESMay 12, 1860, Central Standard Time.

TRAINS DEPART

As follows from Union Station: For Chicago, d.7:8

a. m., d Br.20, d 1500, d 7:85, except Saturday. 11:20

p. m.: Toledo, 7:25 a. m., d 12:20, d 1:00 and except
Saturday. 11:20 p. m.; Grestline, 5:65 a. m.; Cleveland, 6:10 a. m., 12:48 and d 11:66 p. m. and 7:25

a. m., via F., F. W. & C. Ry; New Castle
and Youngstown, 1:66 a. m., 12:20 p. m.; New Castle
and Youngstown, 1:66 a. m., 12:20 p. m.; Nice
and Jamestown, 1:66 p. m.; Massillon, 4:10 p. m.; Youngstown and Niles, d 12:20 p. m.; Millor
and Jamestown, 1:66 p. m.; Massillon, 4:10 p. m.;
Wheeling and Bellaire, 6:10a. m., 12:46, 1:20 p. m.;
Beaver Falla, 4:00, 5:66 p. m., Hock Point, 5:20 p. m.;
Beaver Falla, 4:00, a.m.; Enon, 2:00 p. m.; Leetsdale, 10:00, 11:65 a. m., 1:00, 4:36, 4:66, 5:10, 7:00, 9:00

p. m.; Conway, 10:30 p. m.; Fair Oaka, 8 11:46 a.
m.; Leetsdale, S 8:20 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE Union station from Chicago,
except Monday 1:50, d 6:50, d 6:55 a. m., 6:50

p. m.; Crestline, 2:10 p. m.; Youngstown and
New Castle, 8:10 a. m., 12:36, 15:40, 10:119 p. m.; Niles
and Youngstown d 6:50 p. m.; Cleveland, d 5:50 a.
M. 2:25, 7:50 p. m.; Wheeling and Bellsire, 9:01
a. m., 2:25, 7:50 p. m.; Eric and Ashtabula, 1:75,
10:15 p. m.; Massillon, 10:00 a. m.; Niles and
Jamestown, 9:10 a. m.; Beaver Falla, 7:20 a. m.,
1:10 p. m.; Moselling and Bellsire, 9:01
a. M.; Poles, S.; Sop; Rochester, 9:40 a. m.; Beaver
Falls, 7:10 a. m., 5:55 p. m.; Leetsdale,
10:40 p. m.

S. Sunday only; d, dally; other trains, except
Sunday.

RAILROADS.